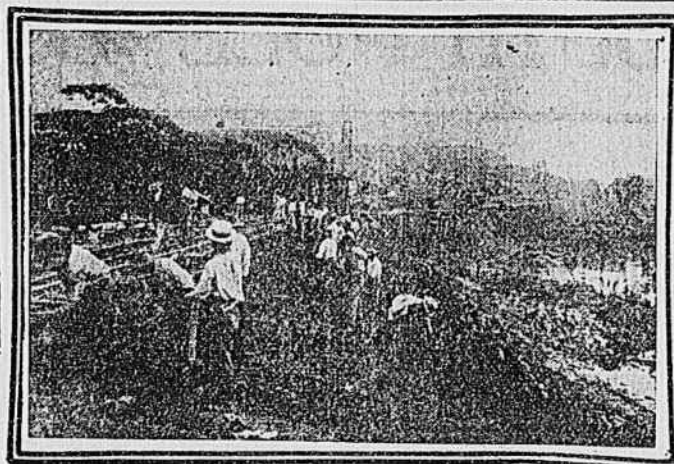
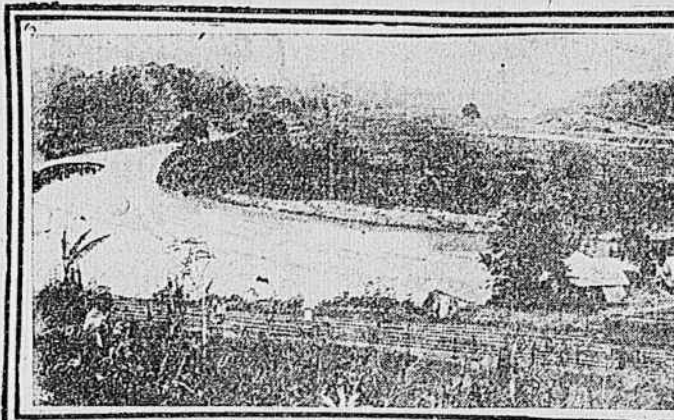


Bird's-Eye Views of Panama Canal and Isthmus



MAKING THE NEW PANAMA RAILWAY.



MAIN STREET, COLON. THE STEAMERS LAND YOU AT COLON. Crossing the Isthmus is like riding through a botanical garden.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
Tivoli Hotel, Ancon.
Canal Zone, Panama.

figuring. That would equal a ditch a yard wide and a yard deep and 120 thousand miles long, would equal a ditch so big that the fattest hog ever killed at Chicago could walk through it with its back level with the top, and the ditch would be long enough to reach four times around the earth at the equator, and still leave 26,000 miles to spare. It would require enough excavation to make fifteen tunnels through the center of the earth from one side to the other, and each tunnel would be big enough for that fat hog to crawl through. More. It would equal a great column three feet square reaching from here on the earth just half way to the moon. If the tunnel through the earth was increased to ten or twenty feet square it would not hold the total excavation, and that tunnel would be large enough to drive through the biggest wagon load of hay ever hauled by four horses.

The above estimates will give you some idea of the work Uncle Sam has done and is doing in lifting earth here at Panama.

At the Top of the Canal.
The canal, as every one now knows, is to be a lock canal. The ships will be dragged up and lit down by the Chagres River, which is being harnessed by the Gatun Dam so that its level will be eighty-five feet above that of the Caribbean and the Pacific Ocean at either end of the waterway. How high, eighty-five feet? It is about the height of a seven-story flat, or less than one-sixth the height of the Washington Monument. Let us make the reduction even more concrete. Take some man that every one knows. You have all seen Champ Clark, the stately Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Speaker is six feet tall. If fourteen men of the height of Champ Clark stood one on the head of the other and the last should play the part of Atlas by raising his hands from his knees to support the world on the level of this canal at its highest point above the ocean.

The minimum depth of the waterway is forty-one feet. Lean out of your fourth-story window and drop a plumb line to the ground. You might be in a canoe sounding the depth of the Panama Canal.

The Canal in a Nutshell.
But all this is only preliminary! I shall describe the canal in detail as I go over it. In a nutshell it is fifty miles long from deep water in the Pa-

riding on the railroad under Gatun Lake. This land will all be covered with water.

side to deep water in the Atlantic. From shore line to shore line the length is forty miles. In going through it the vessels enter Limon Bay, a magnificent harbor, and steam thence through the first Atlantic strait, which is over seven miles long, to Gatun. The ship is still on the level of the Caribbean when it gets to Gatun, but there it meets the great locks which, filled by the Chagres, lift it eighty-five feet into Gatun Lake. I will tell you later how it goes through these locks and what the locks are like.

In the lake itself the steamer may pass at full speed to the entrance to the Culebra cut, and the same level is maintained until you reach the other end of that cut at Pedro Miguel. There the vessel enters a lock and drops about the height of a three-story house into a small lake which is about fifty-five feet above sea level. That lake is yet to be made, but it will be a mile and a half long and fifty-five feet above the sea. At the end of the lake there are two more locks, one above the other, which successively drop it down from the height of a five-story dam to the channel and on the level of the Pacific Ocean. Our ship is now only eight and a half miles from the ocean itself and is ready to steam off to China, Japan, Australia, or anywhere else in the Pacific.

Ignorance About the Big Ditch.
That is the story of the canal in a nutshell, but it is one which many do not understand. During the coming campaign we shall have stump speeches where the orators will speak of bringing the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans together. They do not come together here at Panama, and if they did they would have to flow uphill to a height of eighty-five feet. The salt waters have but little to do with moving the ships from ocean to ocean. It is the fresh water of the Chagres River that does that work.

Nevertheless, some supposedly well informed men cannot appreciate this. One of the chief officials of the Island of Jamaica visited the canal the other day. He was made much of and was taken over it from one side to the other. At the close he said to Colonel Goethals:

"It is a wonderful undertaking, but it seems to some of our people in England a dangerous one, for they fear

that it may affect the current of the Gulf Stream and deflect it."

I am assured that this story is true, although at first I could hardly believe it. The man referred to is the commander of the British forces in the West Indies, stationed at Jamaica.

A story somewhat similar was floating upon this imaginative Caribbean air when I was here in 1898, now fourteen years ago. The latter related to a Yankee sea captain and a blustering son of John Bull. The Britisher was boasting of the power of his government, and saying how it would wipe out the United States in case of a war between the two countries. Thereupon the son of John Bull replied:

"Indeed, man, it makes me laugh to hear you Britishers blow. Why, if Uncle Sam wanted to clean out your tight little island all he need do is to dig a ditch through the Isthmus of Panama and turn the Gulf Stream into the Pacific. The next winter after that England would be as cold as Labrador and you Britishers would turn into Eskimos."

Many of the tourists, and even some of the writers about the canal who come here, show an ignorance which is colossal. The other day a lady correspondent from the Middle West was sent down to spend a week and write a dozen newspaper letters. She interviewed every one, including the secretary of the commission, who, during the talk, happened to mention De Lesseps.

"De Lesseps?" said the girl. "Who was De Lesseps, anyhow? Everyone is talking about De Lesseps. Oh, I remember now! He was the man who discovered the Isthmus of Panama."

A Railroad View of the Canal.
But let us return to the canal proper. The great ditch, as it looks to-day, is far different from anything one can imagine. Many of you have pictures of it in your minds. You see a ragged excavation of dry rock and earth, cut here and there by waterways and running across the Isthmus from one side to the other, with some elevation at the hills. You may imagine the sides walled with stone, and may even imagine you can see the great machinery as it is working in the Culebra cut. You may fancy the big locks of concrete here and there and imagine something of the great dam at Gatun. All this is hazy, but you think you know how the canal looks as it is now. You are mistaken. The eyes of your brain are metaphorically speaking, a thousand miles out of the way. If you could look at the zone as do the wild ducks which fly over it you would be greatly disappointed. The most of the canal does not show the work done upon it, and you cannot realize that more than enough earth to make a wall nine feet high and three feet wide clear around the world has been moved. You are told that upward of a quarter of a billion of money has been spent, and you look in vain for the marks of the dollars. You will understand all better later on when I take you through the canal.

Let me tell you in simple words how the undertaking struck me as I came in to-day. As we approached Colon I saw no sign of a canal. There was a breakwater away off to the right, but no evidence of any interior waterway. In fact, all my ideas were turned upside down. I thought I was looking toward the west, and our steamer was really facing the Pacific Ocean, which lay beyond a range of low mountains only fifty miles off. But let the sun rise there right in our faces and out of the Pacific, and it seemed to me it perceptibly winked as it squinted at me over this low range of the Andes.

I had to stop and think a moment before I knew why this was. The Isthmus here runs east and west, instead of north and south, and the canal itself runs north and south instead of east and west. I have a room facing the sea at Uncle Sam's big hotel here at Panama, and I see the sun actually rise out of the Pacific Ocean every morning. This part of the Isthmus is the only place I know of where, standing on our hemisphere, you can note this geographical fact.

The Canal at Colon.
The entrance to the canal at Colon is now invisible from the steamers. I looked in vain for dredges and excavating material. There were no piles of dirt and rock. Everything is of the greenest of green. The shore is fringed with coconut trees, and the green grass grows all around.

The steamers land you at Colon, a ragged, shabby town of low, two-story frame houses, with galleries running along the first stories and shading the streets. The town is bordered at one side with coconut trees, and standing on the steamer at the right you see a great coconut grove in which lies Christobal, Colon's big American sister. This has some of the canal administration buildings and the homes

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Many New Styles that have not yet been shown anywhere in Richmond

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Choice of any New Spring Suit up to \$20 for

\$15.75



\$15.75 Regular \$20.00
ALTERATIONS FREE

\$2 when the suit is selected—\$1 a week pays for the balance. No additional charge made for the convenience of these easy terms. Payments may be mailed or brought to the store. Collector sent only upon request.

Included in the sale are new whipcords, cut Tuxedo effect, with wide revers or with plain notch collars, peau de cygne lined, plain tailored white serges, suits with long revers of green ribbed silk covered with new ceru lace, and many other equally charming styles.

The suit illustrated is one of the regular \$20.00 Suits, made of navy or tan serge, satin lined, with the entire collar and cuffs of new Macrame lace. Across the back of the coat, slanting downward, is a row of small plush balls which are arranged so as to lend an extremely dainty effect to an already beautiful suit. The skirt is trimmed likewise, making the model one of the most effective we have ever been able to obtain. Wherever this model has been shown it has met with instant favor. Regular \$20.00; for Monday and Tuesday, \$15.75, with only \$2 necessary to obtain it.

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of many employees. They are all veiled in wire netting and there are no ditch banks or dirt to be seen.

Hiding Through a Botanical Garden.
Crossing the Isthmus on the railroad, along the line of the canal, is for the most part like riding through a botanical garden.



PERFUMED pollen—that describes the softness and lightness of Air-Float Talcum Powder. We float our talcum powder free from all heavy or gritty particles.

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its tropical vegetation. There are palm trees of a hundred varieties, wild bananas and strange trees in which are to be seen air plants and orchids hanging to the limbs and nestling at the roots of the branches. There are great clumps of bamboo with leaves as feathery as those which line the under wing of an angel, and great beds of tasselled papyrus, the same plant as that used in old Egypt to make the boat-like cradle in which little Moses rocked when he was discovered by Pharaoh's daughter. Even beyond the Gatun Dam the country is still green. You are told you are on the line of the canal, and the very dirt over which you are passing will form its bed. In other places the woods are a jungle, and the hunter will point out the marks of a wild hog, a deer, or a tapir. This country is full of wild game. One of my fellow-travelers of to-day, an American judge of the Canal Zone, tells me his chief sport is hunting. He shoots many deer, and he recently killed a tapir which weighed 1,100 pounds. He says the tapir meat tastes like Chicago beef, and that the venison of Panama is as good as that of the Adirondacks or the Rockies.

Hiding Under the Canal Level.
I shall not say anything here about the locks nor the mighty Gatun Dam which holds back the Chagres. The railroad took us to the top of the level and then dropped us into the dam and carried us over its basin. Already twelve feet of water have been let in, and by the time this letter is published the lake will be very much higher.

The railroad now skirts the edge of the filled portion at the twelve-foot level, and eventually there will be fifty or sixty feet of water above that of the present track. Six months from now the only way to traverse that track would be in a tube tunnel like that of the Pennsylvania Railroad under the river on this way to New York.

We wound our way for some miles through the basin, passing little villages of rude shacks where negroes and mulattoes are still living, notwithstanding they have been warned by the government to move. They can see the water come in, but they will hang on until it comes to their doorways, which time will be soon.

Leaving the Gatun basin, you come to a region where a great part of the land is made up of the spoil that has been taken out of the Culebra cut. Nevertheless, you cannot realize it for the kind mother of the tropics has already spread a coat of vegetation over the rocks and hidden the scars. It is only when you enter the Culebra cut and cross it that you realize

what has been done. You see thousands of men working as the railway carries you flying by, and an endless river of earth is moving out on the cars to be spread over the hollows. In one place I was shown a dump which contained fifteen million cubic yards of such spoil. Using our method of calculation above given, that would equal a ditch a yard wide and a yard deep 3,000 miles long. It would fill a tunnel running through the globe and still leave enough to make a ditch of the above size from New York to Chicago.

The railroad from the Culebra cut to Panama now crosses the cut in one place. Further along it runs on the canal bed, where a year from now there will be over forty feet of water, and shortly thereafter leaves the canal, and comes into Panama, at the edge of Ancon. This is the old railroad, and the grading for it is going rapidly on.

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FRECKLES

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There's a reason why nearly everybody freckles in March, but happily there is also a cure for these ugly blemishes, and no one need stay freckled.

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